

The "Great Drive"—a Nightmare of Horror



How one section of the German line was taken by the French in a recent advance on the western front

WRECK OF YPRES CATHEDRAL—IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN EUROPE—

At these points the soldiers following turn off from the road, take to the fields or other roads until they are past. By this means the Germans, knowing what is coming, are making desperate efforts to stop the onrush of troops by shelling the roads. The gigantic shrapnel charges of their shrapnel break over the heads of the soldiers, while many are torn to bits by the concussion shells crashing into the road among them. The soldiers then take roundabout courses. Most of them are getting through.

Past the last town, where the road terminates because it has been blown into nothing, it soon becomes impossible for the soldiers to march along in masses. They scatter over the ground on their way onward. The terrible bombardment of their own side continues without letup. Also German shells fall over all the land here and it is a question of which of the soldiers will get through. From behind come such numbers of troops that there seems to be no end to them.

With a legion ahead and an endless number behind, we enter the ditch and continue our way, now in single file, for there is not enough room for two to walk abreast. As we proceed the trenches get deeper and deeper and soon our heads are below the surface of the ground.

Casualties are lessened now. Shells continue to burst about, even in greater numbers than in the land we have left. But most of the shells tear up columns of earth about, but above us. Because the ditches we are traveling in are so narrow few shells explode there and now for the most part the men are caught only by the debris, that in some places partly buries them.

There seems to be no end to the trenches that branch off, continue to separate until they enter a region of trench network. The detachment I am with receives orders which of the boys (the communication trenches) to take as we proceed. Now we move forward slowly, frequently crouch under the fall of the dirt, stones and things and cringe against the all-penetrating fear, the mighty explosions of the shells near us and the shrieks of others passing overhead.

As we approach the first line the confusion of noise of the batteries pounding away behind lessens in sharpness, takes on more of a roar, a regular working as though of some gigantic machine, grows less harsh and a new confusion in front begins to grip the senses.

One sees nothing except occasionally when he opens his eyes for a brief period to see the direction, the geyser of spouting ground about them and out above in front. Eyes closed and head lowered, he feels his way, the same as the man before him and the one behind him.

Suddenly one bumps into the man in front and comes to a stop. As soon as one is able he opens his eyes and sees everyone in front has come to a halt. They are near the first line, the man in front shouts. Soldiers thickly crowd the trench in front as far as he can see.

Other soldiers, still coming up, also come to a halt, soon filling up the trench in front. One feels himself to be part of a tightly jammed mass of men cowering there in the trenches under the spouting of the land about them, debris falling over all. They are standing by their rifles, fixing on them their bayonets, all carrying their full equipment—ready.

There is a strange grimness among those standing there. No one in the crowded mass of men tries to speak. The din seems more than a human being is able to stand. One feels like jumping over the trenches and, regardless of anything, rushing blindly on. Anything but the strain of this, he thinks, action and more action. He never before thought he could be capable of so much action. What is coming, let it happen quickly, he thinks.

Head lowered and eyes closed, one's thoughts pierce the masses of flying things that look like clouds out there in front, picturing a scene as he last knew it—his home, his town and the people he had grown up with, away off on the other side of that. He wonders what has become of them and he wonders whether he will ever know.

Still they wait, minute after minute, while in one's bewildered senses it seems as though many hours are passing. No wounded are being passed along on their way back. The younger men are wondering why. They are probably being taken back in another trench reserved for them and for messengers also.

Then suddenly, possibly within the space of only a few seconds, there seems to be sudden quiet. It is the first cessation in a bombardment of their guns that has lasted almost 20 hours. It is a comparative quiet, a tranquil period to the confused sense of the beings there; at other times some might call it a terrific racket. For just now they

do not hear the shells of the Germans crashing above them. It is thus for only a brief period.

As suddenly grows a new confusion in front. At first it sounds like a murmur, a babble of many voices. They turn out to be shrieks. The order has been given to jump out and advance. They come from men delirious in a frantic haste to rush on after the strain of it.

As the men in front jump out and rush along in advance, rifles held almost at arm's length, with the bayonets in the dim smoke clouds sticking out in front, the other crowds back in the trenches rush out to fill their places and in turn jump out and rush on. It is all done as quickly as possible; there is no time lost and hardly a motion.

And while the mass of frenzied men rush on toward the trenches of the Germans, falling by scores, whole groups of them turn this way and that as the Germans concentrate their fire among them, others keep filling in from the rear. There is no end to their number, apparently. The entire rear is now packed with men and more men, while behind them are still more men—men without number.

"There will be a signal when you get out there," we are told. "It is an order to fall on your faces. Fall on them! No time to lose."

The men who first leaped out and started to rush along fell in another way long ago—it was but several seconds or so—and the ranks behind them in turn dissolved. Still others came on and now the first of the advancing mass are at the first trenches of the Germans.

Comes the signal. Suddenly in the frenzy men cease to leap from the trenches, while the advancing ranks rushing blindly on fall flat. Almost at the same instant, possibly a couple of seconds later, to the men lying there comes a noise that is even greater than the crash of a few minutes before. But it is hardly perceptible, for the senses, working at capacity, cannot grasp it all.

It is the French guns opening up again. They are tearing out a way for the infantry, tearing away what humanity is left in the second and third line trenches. Even during the previous hours of bombardment the Germans tried to keep these in some semblance of holes. There cannot be many beings left in them, but reinforcements probably are coming up.

A few seconds later the gunfire of the French again ceases as though by magic. Immediately the soldiers jump to their feet and again rush on. They pass over the first line of German trenches, reach the second line and on to the third line. Another signal, a loud shouting and they again fall down. The guns open up again.

This time the guns pound away on German works farther in the rear. They stop again and the troops dash on. Every man knows his place in the drive and every body of men. When one man falls another is there to do what he was doing.

The soldiers feel the success of it by this time. They are instilled with enthusiasm, the wild joy of victory. Shells fall among the advancing hordes, but in the wild din just passed those who escape hardly know it.

Now there are fewer guns firing on the German side. Others of the French artillery, when not firing at places ahead of the advancing soldiers, quickly change their range to the batteries.

The French have now passed the first four lines of regular trenches and are running over the network of connecting trenches. Masses of Germans are in these. Terrified by what they have been through, few show resistance. It is useless. The French soldiers continue to advance, charging when resistance is offered, delicious with the wine of a successful drive. They do the feats of super-beings and are unaware of it.

Hours later, after it has ceased and the lines are again drenched, soldiers in the towns of the old sector gather in groups around the bulletin boards where is posted the brief official communique. The soldiers standing around reading are new troops. They are on their way to the trenches. Ambulances still rush up from the rear and back again, catching up with the work.

The masses of prisoners are already on their way southward. Included in the number taken was a detachment, a crowd of 70 men who were all that remained of several hundred German soldiers. They were caught in a trench and unable to escape during the terrible bombardment, explain the few able to think coherently. Retreat had been cut off by shells falling behind them.

Of the number yet alive are maniacs—men who are raving violently. They are imitating the noises of shells and the motions of men struck by them.—William T. Martin, in New York Sun.

POLYNESIAN KING SHRIEKS IN LIFT

Harrowing Experience in Great City Too Much for Island Monarch.

RETURNS TO SUBJECTS

Takes Back Some New Ideas About Victuals, Having Learned to Appreciate the Virtues of the Tastable T-Bone.

San Francisco.—Across the perilous channel leading to Tari Tari, northernmost of the equatorial Gilbert islands, the current averages 70 miles in 24 hours. But navigating it is simple compared to crossing Market street, this city, for Chief Tumbrema, eighty-five years old, Polynesian ruler of the far-away isle.

Chief Tumbrema is in San Francisco getting his first glimpse of twentieth century civilization, while nestled in the foliage of a 100-foot high royal palm on Tari Tari, hour by hour and every day, there sits a lookout, watching for a sail.

But wary a sail. And if there was, it wouldn't do any good, because the natives couldn't get out and the vessel couldn't get in. The only pilot who knows the intricate waters of Tari Tari is Chief Tumbrema and he isn't sure he wants to go back, having tasted steam beer.

So He Came Along. Tumbrema came alone uninvited and without a passport on the steamer Expansion, which he boarded to pilot into his bailiwick. But the winds went wrong after he had sent his royal flagship back to port under command of his prime minister. For six weeks the Expansion tried to land, but could not, so it gave up the attempt and came here, bringing along the island's king.

From the waterfront the captain of the Expansion took the chief in an automobile to the center of the city, and the hardy old fighting man trembled with fear. Trolley cars terrified him. He was escorted into an express elevator of a tall building and the lift made the longest trip on record there because His Royal Highness raised the roof the equivalent of two stories with his shrieks.

Clad in Regal Dignity. The chief boarded the Expansion in his regal dignity and nothing else, but when the vessel reached colder weather he put on his first habiliments; overalls, a shirt and shoes.



Raised the Roof With His Shrieks.

He's going to take them back for imperial regalia. He will also take back the royal plate and tin knife and fork, never before seen in Gilbert island high society. He will return to his subjects, who subsist on fruit mainly, with some new ideas about victuals, having learned to appreciate the virtue of the tastable T-bone.

"TIN SOLDIER" IS SUICIDE

Act Follows Finding of Body of Man Who Taunted Kansas City Guardsmen.

Kansas City, Mo.—After quarreling with a young clerk who called him a "tin soldier," Leslie McGrath, nineteen years old, member of the Missouri National Guard, went to the bank of the Missouri river and shot himself dead. Witnesses declared he faced the river and gave the military salute before pressing the revolver trigger. A note in the suicide's pocket read: "Have Bill Bateman blow taps over me, please."

Bateman, company bugler, was McGrath's "bunkie" on the border. The police had searched for the guardsman since the finding of the body of J. P. Ergunbright, a clerk who was shot and killed in a school yard after taunting McGrath.

PAIR OF SHOES DOES TWO ONE-LEGGED MEN

Dalton, Ga.—There are two men in Dalton who are not worrying over the price of shoes. They are both named Joe—Joe Fain and Joe Carter. Both are one-legged. However, there is a difference in the legs, as Carter has a right leg and Fain a left leg. They wear the same size shoe and "split" their footpads between them as ordinary men would split a bottle of beer.

It is late in the afternoon, a comparative calm is over the sector, so that a dull booming of cannonading far over on the left can be heard. Through the sector among the thousands of soldiers is a note of expectancy. They are quieter than usual.

Suddenly from near the village in the rear come several sharp reports in quick succession from a battery. There are several answering booms further away; immediately more reports band, and instantly it is followed by a crash and roar of sound. The first impression is that the town is being blown up in a bombardment. Few have ever heard anything like it. The soldiers look at each other.

"It is the attack beginning," they say. Later they get their orders. In a smaller town nearer the trenches, where there is even more artillery, the noise is still greater. By the sound there seems to be a gun to every few square feet, one thinks when thinking is possible. The scream of the shells passing over from batteries in the rear is drowned in this din. It is an inferno of ear-splitting noise.

In the trenches the few soldiers cower in the dugouts. Heaps of debris fall about them. To them the noise of the guns in the rear is drowned in the crash of hundreds of shells bursting in the Germans' trenches before them and the shrieks of the shells as they tear above them in the air faster than sound in such numbers that the noise is indescribable. Where the enemy's trenches are is now a continuous mass of spouting dirt that shuts out everything. The whole German line here is being beaten to pieces.

Few of the soldiers have ever experienced anything like this. The trenches of the Germans are but 400 feet away. Now and then a shell falling short of its range comes near the French trenches or tears into them, but with the innumerable shells now tearing about it cannot be helped.

The Germans, taken by surprise, do not reply until some time later. They open up their own artillery little by little. Their guns, it seems, are aimed at the batteries of the French they know, for few of the shells fall about the trenches. But it is nothing to the madness of the fire they are fighting against.

Some of the French guns are aimed at the German batteries and an artillery duel is on. The German guns are outnumbered. Other French guns are firing on the roads of the enemy to prevent troops and supplies from being hastened up.

And now in the rear of the French lines—no body seems to know where they are coming from, where they have been concealed all this time—still other guns of all sizes are being rushed up. They tear through the amazed villages drawn by wild steeds maddened by the drivers. Efforts of spies are now in vain.

The line bearing assorted equipment has ceased in a measure. Instead are the guns and the heavy, skidding caissons bearing ammunition. Darkness falls and the whole countryside is covered with flashes. It is impossible to distinguish sound from sound, but the flashes dart out from everywhere like summer lightning. More guns are being rushed up, an increased number of ammunition wagons, and troops—countless numbers.

The terrific cannonading continues all night. Soldiers, who are able, sleep in doses. Morning breaks. The soldiers nearer the front begin to march up. As soldiers enter the rear towns those who were there, equipment ready and waiting, go forward.

As the men march they frequently turn off into the fields along the road to avoid the guns and wagons thundering by. As far as one can see the whole road, ahead and behind, is a compact mass of troops—marching up.

The Germans are now shelling the roads at many places. At first the shells fall among them. There are the usual scenes of the dead, torn up in every manner, while the chaplain-priests, facing the almost certain death of their lot, are seen through little clearings in the thick clouds of choking smoke rushing about, some themselves wounded, helping those asking for aid.

The Human Butterscotch

Feeling that an alcohol rub would make him feel better, a South Side man snoped about the cupboard until he came across a bottle which seemed to contain the liquor for which he was looking. Measuring himself with a sniff at the contents, the man went up to the family bathroom, bathed himself thoroughly with the liquor and went to sleep.

That night he dreamed he was a big all-day sucker, and that he was being displayed in the window of a candy store. He finally awakened to find himself wrapped up in a sheet feeling like fresh butterscotch. "What in the world is the matter?" his wife inquired. "I believe I am all stuck up," was the reply.

"What in the world have you been doing?" "Rubbing myself all over with alcohol." "Where did you get the alcohol?" "In a bottle on the first shelf of the cupboard." The wife laughed hysterically. "No wonder you are stuck up," she said; "that bottle had alcohol in it all right, but it was made into a strap with rock candy to be used as a cough medicine."—Tribune Telegram.

The River of Life. All life is lived in running liquid water. If the flow ceases, the life stagnates and shortly dies. This rule is absolute, declares Doctor Halsey in the Youth's Companion. The driest seeds or spores of microbes, or those most minute objects that no microscope can reveal and no filter retain, may survive, with all their malignant possibilities, for months or even decades of years. But it is only when they get into a stream of water that they can really live and multiply.

The FLAVOR LASTS in WRIGLEY'S

If pleasure made price its cost would be thrice

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT MINT FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHAWING GUM PEPPERMINT

WRAPPED IN UNITED STATES PATENT COUPONS

Chew it after every meal

Proved the Theory. It was a very high-class boarding house, and the landlady prided herself on the fact that the conversation at table was always very intellectual.

"It was a strange theory," she remarked, as she wrestled with the fowl, "that the souls of the dead entered birds and animals. But I think our ancestors held that belief."

"I'm rather inclined to think something like that does happen," commented the quiet man. "No, really, Mr. Cutting? How interesting!" "Yes," said Mr. Cutting. "I'm convinced that this chicken, for instance, is inhabited by the soul of a shoe!"

With the Fingers! Says Corns Lift Out Without Any Pain

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn can shortly be lifted right out with the fingers if you will apply on the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority. At little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain or soreness or the danger of infection.

This new drug is an ether compound, and dries the moment it is applied and does not inflame or even irritate the surrounding skin. Just think! You can lift off your corns and calluses now without a bit of pain or soreness. If your druggist hasn't freezone he can easily get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Mean. "My face is my fortune." "Heavens! What has kept you out of bankruptcy?"

In buying a home and taking a wife, shut your eyes.

Kidney & Co.

(BY DR. J. H. WATSON)

The kidneys and the skin work in harmony. They're companions, the skin being the second partner. If we are anxious to keep well and preserve the vitality of the kidneys and, also, free the blood from noxious elements, we must pay special attention to a good action of the skin and to see that the kidneys are flushed so as to eliminate the poisons from the blood.

Sweating, by hard work or in a bath, at least once a week, helps to keep the skin and kidneys in good condition. Flush the kidneys by drinking plenty of pure water with meals and between meals. Occasionally obtain at the drug store Auric, double strength, which will help flush the kidneys and the in- testines. You will find that Auric is many times more active than lithia and that it dissolves uric acid as hot water does sugar.

His Resolve. "Now they say our food influences our moods." "I'll quit eating bluish then."

J.A.X.F.O.S. A digestive liquid laxative, palatable and free from toxic. Combines strength with palatable, aromatic taste. Does not grip or disturb stomach. 50c.

Deriving Immediate Benefit. "I'm afraid you don't take enough exercise." "I used to be delinquent in that respect," replied the indolent citizen. "But that's past. I get on my feet and expand my lungs every time anybody plays, sings or recites The Star-Spangled Banner," and it's happening more frequently every day."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzled, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

The Only One.

Mrs. McDuffy—So you referred to me in spirit? To Mrs. Cassidy as "that awful, scoldin' catamaran, Mrs. Mac." Janitor—You're mistaken, ma'am. It was Mrs. McGiligan next door that I referred to.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Good Prospect. "Some say the authorities are up in the air in the defense preparedness." "I suppose the aviation department authorities must be."

That which is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee.—Marcus Aurelius.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 18-1917.

Prominent Resident of Missouri Indorses It

Higginsville, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered severe pain in my back and the back part of my head. My kidneys were very inactive from time to time. I was extremely nervous, had poor appetite, was melancholy, rest- less and completely worn out. I used every available remedy recommended for the kidneys, but obtained tem- porary relief only, but I can truthfully say that after using one package of Auric all of the former symptoms dis- appeared and I feel like a new man."

REV. G. W. WATTS.

You will escape many ills and clear up the coated tongue, the yellow complexion, the dull headache, the lazy meals. Occasionally obtain at the drug store Auric, double strength, which will help flush the kidneys and the in- testines. You will find that Auric is many times more active than lithia and that it dissolves uric acid as hot water does sugar.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

AMERICA'S DRUGGISTS